

# The Anchorage.

I. Father Ford alighted at the little railway station at Granite Reef, after a long and wearisome day in the train. It was raining hard. He was the only passenger to stop at the dreary out-of-the-way place, and his heart sank as he found himself on an uneven, rickety platform, lighted by a single kerosene lamp that struggled to make its light seen through the smudgy glass that protected its sickly yellow flame. There was no one in sight, but presently a man in a suit of straw-colored oilskins came climbing up the depths from the road behind the waiting-room.

"This way, Father Ford, this way, if you please. I was just a bit late. The night is so dark and the roads are so muddy, that it was hard work for the old horse to draw the wagon along. Lucky I wasn't a great deal later." And he put out his hand to take the suit case from the priest.

"I have only just arrived," the priest replied, "and I did not know where to look for the road. You are Patrick Quinlan, I suppose?" "Pat Quinlan, that's the name I go by, Father, though I guess likely I was baptized Patrick, but so long ago I have quite forgot it," and he touched his oilskin hat, from which the water was dripping down over his bent shoulders.

"You'll be havin' a trunk, I'm thinkin', Father?" "Yes, a small one."

"Just let me tuck you into the wagon and I'll be bringin' the trunk down afterwards," and when Pat had produced a second set of oilskins, in which he enveloped the priest, he saw him set out in the back seat of the rickety vehicle, and, presently, brought his belongings, which he lifted up in front. Then he mounted himself, and taking up the reins, etched to the patient old horse who started off at a jog trot evidently understanding that he was homeward bound.

The road was rough and the wagon jolted, the mud splashing up as the wheels were dragged through holes and puddles; the way was scarcely distinguishable through the gathering darkness. Rain fell with dismal monotony, and the smell of the moist earth was mixed with that of decaying vegetable matter, fallen leaves and dead grasses and the salt air of the sea.

They drove for nearly an hour. Gradually the houses became more frequent; they were approaching a settlement. Away off in the distance a bright red light flashed high up out of the darkness like a vivid star that disappeared and came out again at regular intervals. It was the lamp in the lighthouse, which was always burning to guide those who had gone down to the sea in ships, towards the shelter of the harbor under the steep cliffs.

"Here we are at last, Father Ford!" Pat drew in the reins and the horse stopped with a sudden jerk. He got down and helped the priest to alight, and opened a little gate. "If you'll find your way along the path, Father, Bridget'll be openin' the door for you. I daren't leave the beast when he's so near his stable. It's only a little way up the path. I'll be bringin' you up your things directly. Here's your umbrella," and he proceeded to open it for the priest and held it over his head while he divested himself of the oilskin coat.

That done, Father Ford took the umbrella from the old man's hand and went stumbling and groping up the narrow uneven path to the door of the low-roofed cottage, in one window of which was a lamp that Bridget had placed where its beam shone out into the night. The priest knocked at the door. No answer! He knocked again, this time more loudly, and after a few minutes' waiting, he heard a slow, heavy step inside, and the door was presently thrown open by a bent old woman with a wrinkled good-natured face, who spoke with a decided brogue and who was profuse in her apologies for having kept his reverence waiting.

"I was just sayin' a mouthful o' graysies I was, Father, and the wind was a blowin' and a rattlin' the sashes that hard that I never heard your footsteps. Step in, and glad it is I am to see you the day."

As the priest entered the room she bustled about, put an extra stick of wood on the fire, and took his hat and coat from him.

"The supper'll be ready in less'n no time," she said, "it's a simmerin' on the back o' the stove. I've got everything boilin' hot. Just seat yourself by the fire and I'll be bringin' in the things immediately. Your bedroom's just furnished this," and she pointed to an open door which led into another room.

"Thank you, Mrs. Quinlan," Father Ford answered smiling, and, seating himself before the fire, he leaned back in his chair, stretched his feet out on the hearth, and let his eyes wander about the rooms which were to be his home for he knew not how long a time. The place was scrupulously clean. Bridget Quinlan had scrubbed and scoured till everything was positively shining. There was a gaily striped rag carpet on the floor, some pots of scarlet geraniums were on the table before one of the windows, and a row of small, green tomatoes was ripening on the sill. The worn hair-cloth sofa had a long white anti-macassar spread over its back that was the pride of the old woman's heart, together with the great crocheted spread on the bed that she had spent many long hours in mak-

ing in days gone by, and which she felt, in her inmost heart, was good enough even to cover the priest himself. Drawn up before the fire was an old, many-legged table, covered with a coarse homespun cloth, and it was spread with the best dishes the house afforded—old yellow faience, with the pattern of fir branches upon it, that had belonged to Bridget's mother.

Before long Mrs. Quinlan came in from the kitchen bearing a great bowl of smoking chowder and there was tea, hot biscuits and a jar of her best strawberry jam.

"You are giving me a royal feast, Mrs. Quinlan," the priest said, going towards the table.

"Sure the best is never too good for you, Father," the old woman beamingly answered.

Her sparse grey hair was twisted up in a tight knot at the back of her head; she had sharp, shrewd, twinkling eyes, and she wore her very best purple calico gown, and a broad white linen collar. She had always chosen purple for the color of her dresses, and was very particular about her collars, because, she said, "King Solomon and the great people of old wore purple and fine linen, and she thought purple the finest color in the world."

To Father Ford everything seemed surprisingly cheerful and homelike. He had not expected to find such comfortable quarters, nor had he counted on the warm welcome of the old man and his wife. Bridget Quinlan reminded him a little of his old mother. When at last the evening drew to a close, heartily tired, he sought his comfortable bed; in spite of the storm that had arisen, and was now raging with the fury of a gale, and the dull, dismal boom, boom of the fog horn, he fell asleep watching the bright light which kept flashing from the lighthouse tower.

II. There came a change in the weather, and when Father Ford opened his eyes the morning after his arrival at Granite Reef, he found that the wind had completely died down and a cloudless sky hung, like a canopy of blue polished steel, above the earth, that was flooded with late autumn sunshine, while the waters of the bay, which had not yet settled into calm, rippled and sparkled as if they had been sprinkled with a fine powdering of diamond dust. He got up and looked out of the window, wondering what manner of place it was into which he found himself so suddenly introduced.

Directly before him was the little garden, along whose rough stony path he had stumbled the night before, and on the opposite side of the road the ground made a gradual descent towards the shore. On the right, a land-locked bay, and close to the water's edge the huts—houses they could hardly be called—of the fisher people. In the immediate foreground a long breakwater that reached for three-quarters of a mile out from the shore, at the far end of which rose the tall white tower of the lighthouse, above the home of the keeper of the light. The breakwater, a solid structure of huge granite blocks, seemed strong enough to resist the heaviest storm. On the side towards the sea, great heaps of uneven rock had been dumped, forming an uneven sloping buttress, against which the waves might dash with uncontrolled violence, without displacing a single stone. Inside the breakwater, innumerable fishing boats, which had been driven to shelter there, were riding at anchor, gently balancing themselves on the top of the waves, making ready to put out to sea again, while, among the houses, people were hurrying to and fro, women and children taking leave of their husbands, fathers and brothers who, now that the gale had fallen, were about to venture once more upon the ocean.

Sometimes these men were gone for days, and not infrequently returned when their supplies gave out, having had no luck at all. Sometimes there was a fair amount of fish brought in, and occasionally the fleet would come joyfully sailing homeward, having made a big catch which rejoiced everyone, in the boats and brought content to all hearts, for a good haul meant money in one's pocket, and comfort, such as the people knew it, for months to come.

This time the boats had been driven in without accomplishing anything, and, when Father Ford, accompanied by Pat Quinlan, went

## LIVER COMPLAINT

The chief office of the liver is the secretion of bile, which is the natural regulator of the bowels.

Whenever the liver becomes deranged, and the bile ducts clogged, liver complaint is produced, and is manifested by the presence of constipation, pain under the right shoulder, sallow complexion, yellow eyes, slimy-coated tongue and headache, heartburn, jaundice, sour stomach, water brash, and aching of the stomach, etc.

Liver Complaint may be cured by avoiding the above mentioned causes, keeping the bowels free, and arousing the sluggish liver with that grand liver regulator,



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to the shore, he found sullen, disappointed faces, and, though the morning was still young, a good many of the people were already drunk and quarrelsome. The priest realized at once that his work among them was to be difficult and disagreeable, but he braced himself for the battle, and praying for help and guidance from above, set about making the acquaintance of some of his most formidable parishioners.

Among the inhabitants, besides a few native Americans and Irish, were Swedes, Norwegians, Portuguese and Italians. A good number were non-Catholics, and they met the priest with scowling faces and derisive laughter, nudging each other and pointing their finger at him as he passed by; a few were inclined to be friendly, but the last priest had not been liked, and this fact made Father Ford's task the harder.

After a wearisome and discouraging day, during which he had gone among the fisher folk and become superficially acquainted with the lay of the land, so to speak, he found himself once more in his little sitting-room. Hitherto he had not found time to unpack his belongings, but now he set to work and began putting everything in place. Opening an oblong pasteboard box, he lifted carefully from its bed of soft white cotton a beautiful crucifix carved in old yellow ivory, and the tears sprang to his eyes as he thought of the kind old Bishop, so lately dead, who had left directions in his will that this should be given "to his dear friend, Father Ford."

The Pope's crucifix! Leo XIII had given it to Bishop Gainsford with his own hands, when he made his never-to-be-forgotten visit to Rome years before. That visit, the greatest event of his life, was filled with such sacred memories, that he never spoke of it without expressions of deepest reverence and gratitude.

There flashed before John Ford's eyes, the picture as it had been drawn for him, of the vast, lofty interior of the Basilica of St. Peter's, with its glorious frescoes, its sculptured saints, and its wondrous dome. He seemed to hear the voices of the choir resounding through the length and breadth of the great edifice, to see the red robes of the Cardinals, the flashes of light and color, the swaying of silver censers from which floated upward the heavy perfume of incense; and then, the figure of the Sovereign Pontiff clad in beautiful white vestments, wearing upon his head the triple crown, who, after slowly chanting the Apostolic Benediction, raised his long, white, emaciated hand to bless the assembled multitude. It was from this very hand that Bishop Gainsford had received the gift of the ivory crucifix. It was his most precious earthly possession. A great wave of recollection swept over the young priest, and, in the humble cottage, among the crude and unlovely surroundings, of bleak and desolate New England, he fell upon his knees, and, bowing his head, clasped tightly against his breast the ivory crucifix, which had once reposed among the treasures of the Vatican.

## WORK AND WORRY WEAKEN WOMEN

New Health and Strength Can be Had Through the Use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

It is useless to tell a hard working woman to take life easily and not to worry. But it is the duty of every woman to save her strength as much as possible, to take her care as lightly as may be, and to build up her system to meet any unusual demands. It is her duty to herself and to her family, for her future health depends upon it.

To guard against a complete breakdown in health the blood must be kept rich and red and pure. No other medicine does this so well as Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. This medicine actually makes new, red blood, strengthens the nerves, restores the appetite and keeps every organ healthily toned up. Women cannot always rest when they should, but they can keep their strength and keep disease away by the occasional use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, which have done more to lighten the cares of weak women than any other medicine.

Mrs. James H. Ward, Lord's Cove, N.B., says: "About two years ago I suffered so much from nervous prostration that I was little better than a helpless wreck. I suffered from headaches and a constant feeling of dizziness. The least unusual move would startle me and set my heart palpitating violently. I had little or no appetite and grew so weak that I was hardly able to drag myself about, and could not do my housework. In every way I was in a deplorable condition. As the medicine I had been taking seemed to do me no good, my husband got a supply of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I had only been taking the Pills for a couple of weeks when I seemed to feel somewhat better and this encouraged me to continue the treatment. From that on my strength gradually but surely returned, and in the course of a few more weeks I was once more a well woman, able to do my own housework, and feeling better than I had done for years. I have since remained well and I feel that I owe my good health to the healing power of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills."

Every other weak, sickly, worn out woman should follow the example of Mrs. Ward and give Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a fair trial. These Pills will send new blood coursing through the veins, and bring brightness and energy to the weak and despondent. Sold by all medicine dealers, or by mail at 50 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

## SHE KNEW THEM.

Miss Dudley—She was bragging about how successful her dinner party was. She said it wound up "with great eclaw." What's "eclaw" anyway?

Miss Mugley—Why, I guess that was dessert. Didn't you never eat a chocolate eclaw?—Catholic Standard and Times.

A safe and sure medicine for a child troubled with worms is Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator.

the dishes before bringin' in the roasted apples and cream."

Sometimes there would come a call for the priest from one of the distant islands; and then Pat Quinlan would get out his boat and they would go sailing along over the rough waters to some almost inaccessible place, where it was dangerous to land among the jagged rocks, amid the roaring waves and surf that broke over and drenched their clothing, and the salt spray that blew against their faces, and made their eyes tingle and smart.

Occasionally Father Ford would walk out over the long breakwater to the lighthouse, where he became acquainted with the keeper of the light, an old sailor who had held the post for years. He was always glad to welcome the priest, and would take him up into the lighthouse tower, climbing up one steep staircase after another. He showed him how the light was kept in order, the glass and brass were polished, the wicks trimmed and the lamps filled. He showed him, too, how the great fog horn was managed, and Father Ford listened attentively to his explanations and learned everything—so thoroughly that Captain Farrelly said laughing, "the priest really believed the priest could run the place himself, and he was sure he could pass the civil service examination without the slightest trouble."

With Captain Farrelly lived his son, who was his assistant; his daughter-in-law, and their little girl, a child of eight or nine years, who had been given the unusual name of Francesca. The child bore no resemblance to either of the grown people, in fact, so pronounced was the difference in her appearance from the rest, that the priest spoke of it, noticing her great black eyes, her blue-black hair, and her swarthy skin tinged with dark-red blood.

"No, she's not like any of us," the captain said; "she's the living image of her grandmother, my wife. She was an Italian woman, and," he continued, leaning over the railing of the balcony outside the tower and looking off over the sea, "she's been dead for more'n thirty years."

"How did you happen to marry an Italian?" Father Ford asked, looking questioningly at Captain Farrelly.

(To be continued.)

## Catholic Church and Matrimony.

Rev. William O'Brien Pardow, S. J., Quoted Exclusively From the Bible in His Talk on Christian Marriage.

No Two Moral Codes; What is Wrong For Woman is Wrong For Man.

In a talk about Christian marriage before the Daughters of Faith at the Catholic Club, a short time before his death, the late Father William O'Brien Pardow, S. J., began in the Bible at Genesis, quoted the Apocalypse at the end, and illustrated with the "Mother of the Maccabees" in the middle.

"If men and women would only read carefully the first page of the Bible," he said, "it would answer many questions regarding marriage." He took for his subject the Bible words, "It is not good for man to be alone, let us make a helpmeet for him."

"Nothing could be more beautiful than that," said Father Pardow. "A woman is to be a help to a man; not to drag him down but to lift him up. In the Catholic Church we take it as literally true that woman was made from man, and to me it seems fundamental, 'bone of my bone, flesh of my flesh, and true two in one.'"

"The Catholic Church puts matrimony on a high plane. Women owe her existence to man, but the man owes his strength to the woman. She is his helper, not a toy to be thrown aside, not a slave to do his work, but a helpmate."

"It is not fair to have two systems of morality. What is wrong for the woman is wrong for the man and vice versa. After describing the Creation the Bible said that man should have dominion, but it did not say that he should have dominion over the woman. She was on a level with him, and if at first the woman owed her existence to the man, so later the man owed his existence to the woman."

Father Pardow quoted the Mother of the Maccabees, who, with her sons dying around her, urged them, in the face of death, to stand for the right and defy the wrong.

"Joining a man's heart to a woman's thought," he quoted, "is inferiority!" That was a wonderful example of strength. Matrimony is God's masterpiece. It is either a sacrament that you cannot touch or it is a mere contract. As a sacrament, it is a great stronghold socially, morally and politically, and it should be appreciated by every man, who hopes to hand down his life to others as he is called to do.

"Do you think the woman helps the man as much as she should? Don't you think many women are selfish? Men are, too. They marry for amusement, or they need social help sometimes. And the woman is true to herself and to God Almighty if she does not accept the duties of marriage. If she does not consider herself a co-worker with God in the creation of life, she is not worthy of matrimony."

"And let the woman help the man intellectually, and by all means let her have all the intellectual development possible. Does every one know that in the thirteenth century there were women teachers in the Church, women professors in the University of Padua and others?"

## Irishman Appointed Secretary of State at Washington.

John Callan O'Loughlin, a Washington newspaper man, whose round full name leaves no doubt as to his nationality, is to succeed as assistant secretary of state, Mr. Robert Bacon, who has been called to the position relinquished by Hon. Elihu Root, as Secretary of State in President Roosevelt's cabinet.

Mr. O'Loughlin has been in newspaper work, chiefly in Washington, fifteen years. He has resided for short times in Paris, London, Berlin and St. Petersburg, and has worked in various other countries; making special investigations in Venezuela and Santo Domingo. When the United States commission to the Tokio international exposition was organized last spring, he was appointed secretary, and went to Japan, having only recently returned.

Mr. O'Loughlin served as a war correspondent during the Russo-Japanese war, being with the Russian forces some time in St. Petersburg. He also "covered" the Portsmouth peace conference. He has received decorations from the emperors of Japan and Russia, the king of Italy and President Castro of Venezuela. There may be trouble in the Senate over the confirmation of his nomination, as Mr. O'Loughlin has aroused opposition by articles he has written. During the recent political campaign he was in charge of the press bureau of the Republican national committee. He is a practical Catholic.

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